YEAR'S SERMONS

The First Religious Teachings of the Opening Year.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION

Mr. Hepworth on the Way to Begin the Year.

BAD BOOKS AND PAPERS

John Weiss on the Tragedy in Nature.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

HOW TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR. An extremely large and highly intelligent conto the sermon of Rev. George H. Hepworth, at the Church of the Disciples, corner of Forty-jourth street and Madison avenue. The reverend gentleman had chosen for his theme "How to Begin the New Year," and his remarks were received with projound attention. In the prayer immediately preceding the sermon the reverend preacher invoked God's neip that men may be made hon-orable, upright, truthful and just during the new year. Might He make this a year of grace, and soure them all with confidence in Him, no matter if He send joy or sorrow. Let the divine spirit secrate this congregation to Him from Sunday to Sunday, and thus make the year one of spiritual triumphs and blessings. The reverend preacher took his text from the Gospel according to Mat-thew, xviii, 29:-Have patience with me, and I will pay thee ail." The remarks of the reverend gentleman, which he based upon this text, were extremely brief, as he was suffering from a violent cold, and his voice was very hoarse. While his sermons generally occupy from an hour to an hour and a half in the delivery, he spoke little over half the full report below, the reverend preacher took this occasion of officially expressing his New Year's wishes to all his hearers, and, in fact, to all Christians, and to express the hope that the year 1875 might afford them, twelve months hence, a grati-

fying retrospect. He supposed it had frequently happened to them, the reverend preacher began, that they observed a debtor who was unable to meet a note. They either felt pity or contempt for him. If they felt assured that he was anxious to discharge his duty honorably, and was merely the victim of unfortunate circumstances, all the kindness of their natures would naturally well out toward him, but if they knew that he lived extravagantly at home, and did not mean to pay his debt, they could only feel the contempt which he deserved. On the 1st of January every one had a debt to discharge which he owed to the divine Creator, and it was his business, as their minister, to ask them whether they had paid off an instaiment of the great promissory note which He held and to which they were the second party. It was important that after having passed through this year they should inquire what they were and where they were.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR. Last Thursday night the old year died; it died quietly, as age generally passed away; it died leaving its benediction to them and their children Aimost instinctively, as the hours passed by, they dreamt of the past and the future. As the las stroke of twelve rung out upon the night air they instinctively cried out, "Goodby, old year!" and they stiently offered up prayers to God that they might build better in the new year than they had ever built before. The New York custom of celebrating the new year, by the way, was one he iked. He could not easily forget how cordially they all shook hands with him on that day, and he had no doubt that the season was one of great ntility in other respects. It was a time when the impulsive, rash deed at ready regretted was laid inder the sod, when men could approach one another without formality and without coldness. The words, "Happy New Year!" had a glad sound of mutual lorgiveness, kindliness and charity which was most grateful to the heart. NOBLE LONGINGS.

which was most grateful to the heart.

Now, brethren, what were the thoughts that arose most naturally at this season, what were the sentiments that awayed their breasts? It might be his business to utter these thoughts from the pulpit, but he knew that they all had seit them just as we as he had. It was a noteworthy circumstance that two business men sitting to gether scarcely ever conversed on those profound and elevated subjects on which they pondered in their nours of repose and ioneliness. He had no doubt, however, that the Lord would give them credit for these longings, these thoughts and tness desires. O, young men, might they eneriss these noble thoughts and cultivate them more and more, even though they did not freely utter them It was curious that living only seventy years they yet divided this brief epoch into various shorter spaces of time. No animals had this sense of time, nor did angels know any sundivisions of the periods of their existence. God knew nothing about time. With him, David said, a thousand years were like one day. It was a curious thing that man was the only being in heaven or on earth that knew anything about time.

CENTAINTY OF SALVATION.

In his converse with them he had entertained many doubts of their salvation, but may they be all melted by God's love and thus remove all these doubts and make certain the success of their lives. God grant that as these months came and went they might cling more and more firmly to that cross to which he had cling for so many years, and to which he hoped they would all cling as long as they lived. How much good they might convert this entire neighborhood. This vicinity was only indifferent to God because their hearts were coldered to which the had cling for so many years, and to which he hoped they would all cling as long as they lived. How much good they might convert this entire neighborhood. This vicinity was only indifferent to God because their hearts were coldered they might convert this entire neighborhood. This vicinity was only indiffere

only in money, but in the works of their heads and minds.

Words to young men.

Let him go down on his knees oftener than ever he did before and pray more fervently than he had ever done in the past. Let him go down on his knees and pray for these young men whom he loved better than any other class in this congregation. They came here in large numbers, but let them not only come from curiosity, but become strong in that revealed power which brought peace to earth and good will to mankind. He had himself been once subjected to all their temptations and could appreciate the trials of their lives. He could tell them that thong neverything in life faded, yet one thing grew clearer and clearer and lasted stronger and stronger, and that was the religion of Jesus Christ, their Lord and Saviour, and he loved all the others. He liked to go down to the counting houses and see the business men shape the destines of the great city. But let them do it, not in their own names, but in that of God Almighty. Let every business man feel that he was here on earth to do business in the name of the Lord and in service of the great principles which He representa—truth, charity, justice, love.

The Blessings of Agm.

the name of the Lord and in service of the great principles which He represents—truth, charity, justice, love.

He loved the old people too. Old age was a blessed thing. It was the sweetest time in life, the originatest, the meliowest. What was the price-less thing of life to those who were old? It was the religion of Jesus Christ. It made all the olf-ference in the world whether they were to die and be no more, or whether they were to die and be no more, or whether they were to die and be no more, or whether they were to die and he no more. It was not necessary for him to take much longer. They saw his condition and how unfit he was to speak much more. And yet he felt that he must offer one more observation.

WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

He hoped that this faith of which he had spoken would grow in brightness, in clearness; that it would rise out of the derkness of unbelief as a ship came forth from a pail of fog. When he was cruising off Nova Scota last summer he saw a ship dame iorth from a pail of fog. When he was cruising off Nova Scota last summer he saw a ship dame, and when the two ships met it was with hearty wishes of good will and "God speed!" Thus they nad met on New Year." They went in different directions—one east, the other west—but might God's blessing rest over them all. He would close with a lew words. When the year 1875 died, as 1874 had done, might they and he be attil found clinning to that glorious cross as the most priceless treasure of their lives, and waiting to be summoned to a higher and better sphere. Grant that they might not have lived these twelve months it vain; but at the expiration of this new year be nearer to God. Mere latter than of this new year be nearer to God. Mere latter them of this new year be nearer to God. Mere latter them of this new year be nearer to God. Mere latter

rul to His commands, and trusting still more ex-plicitly to His love and charity.

RUTGERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The new temple of worship, Rutgers Presbyterian church, corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street, was dedicated yesterday morning. A very large congregation was present and the exercises were of a highly interesting character. Following a voluntary on the organ and another by the choir came the "invocation" by Rev. Nathaniel W. Conkling, D. D., the pastor. Singing a hymn, in which all the congregation par-ticipated, and reading selections from Scripture and prayer by Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field followed, and then was preached the

DEDICATION SERMON
by the pastor. His text was Mark xii., 30, 31— "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength." This is the first commandment, and there is no other greater than this. The Lord thy God, mentioned in the their church. The veil which kept God from mor-God was love. He was not an impersonal force, but a living God. There might be possibly re-God was love. He was not an impersonal force, but a living God. There might be possibly religious worship and not Christian worship. There is no true worship without love. Love of God is the criterion of the regenerated soul—the test of the soul's redemption. In church this worshiptal soul may soar on the wings of song, may breathe its longings in prayer, may draw in aspirations and hopes from the words of the preacher, may he guided and screngtened by the sacraments. They should worship God with all their energies. They should worship God with all their energies. They should present themselves as living sacridoss on the altar of worship. This was worship of the heart and soul. They were enjoined to love tood equally with their mind. True religion was something—a matter of intellect. They might not be able to meet all the captions objections that had puzzled the philosophers of the olden times. But this was no reason why they should give up the Gospel for a table. Another point he enforced was that they should not put off the worship of God until their strength was gone. God was entitled to the flower of their strength. Elaborating this point at length he took up the concluding lesson of the text, which he said was the anoreement of Christian brother-hood.

The Dedication of the church succeeded the sermon. This was a very simple yet impressive ceremonial.

LYRIC HALL. MR. JOHN WEISS ON TRAGEDY IN NATURE. Mr. Frothingham's platform was occupied by are so renowned. He delivered a very eloquent discourse, the subject of which he announced to be-"The development of moral out of physical evil the tragedy which it involves and the divine purpose in it." The physical and moral evils which supply the elements of tragic life were invoived in the world's growth and came down directly into the lineage of mankind; their roots are deeply imbedded in the earth and spread through all its strata; they grow up into the tree of know edge of good and evil, of which if a man eat he shall nourish smiles and tears. Nature never valued life in itself, only the best life, and her measures to save and propagate that have been of the sternest kind. With this object in view she invented the process called death. As her creatures increased in sensitiveness, hardship, privation and suffering corresponded; no innocent life has been respected oy her and favored with immunity; the strongest and not the weakest have been petted by their reientless forces. Her motto over the entrance of every period might be, "In the midst of death I am in life." Let us observe this natural anticipation of the tragic element, in the far distant past and gather a few of its omens. There was no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the pre-historic times, and nature preserves the same indifferent temher old devices. An animal that has become decrepit is left without belp or sympathy, to die by starvation. Susterrance is dependent upon incessant stratagem, which is not confined to animated creatures. but was curiously prefigured in the habits of some plants. For instance, the wiliness of plants is particularly hostile to the insect world, yet no little people in the world are more deserving of consideration. It is noticeable that insects always work with more neutness and finish than is absolutely necessary for comfort. Wasps were

THE EARLIEST PAPER MAKERS. There is a fly that uses a saw and a species of American ant that puts together a raft for the mason work, dig mines, cut, saw, make trans, raise crops, spin, make paper, silk, noney and wax, and perform carpenter work. Such endow-ment of talent and patience ought to be favored working people.

The pitcher plant has secreted in it a watery fluid which kills every insect that touches it, and this grogshop is open night and day to tempt and destroy the most industrious and painstaking members of creation. They are skilled mechanics, out nature reluses to enforce a prohibitory law for their protection. Let us observe a ground beetle which has selected from Nature's bill of fare a May bug or a cockenafer. The brigand, in his smart costume of green and gold, attacks it from benind, and with his sharp mandibles, slices off the nearest ring of its body. The cockenafer continues to retreat, the beetle follows steadily, slices off the next ring and the next, till the whole abdomen is demolished and the next, restrictions. behind, and with his snarp mangibles, sinces on the nearest ring of its body. The cockchair continues to retreat, the beetle follows steadily, slices off the next ring and the next, this the whole abdomen is demolished and the poor cockchair travels off with its thorax, which the fastidious beetle does not care for. Why did not nature endow aer beetle with an instinct to destroy the May bug instantly? The guillottine and garrote are merciful. Nature's plan is on a greater scale, but founded on a similar want of principle. Existence is maintained by the digestibility of all her creatures. The spider sups upon his fig, the toad grabs the spider, the snake is swallowing the toad when the hawk descends upon it, and man is lying in walt for the hawk, and other men scruple not to use up the man, and death boits the whole series at a meal. (Laughter.) It is a continuity of mutual swallowing. "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them." upon each other. It is by no means in a spirit of paradox or by way of metaphor that we attribute to nature a want of principle; this want may be found as well where the moral consciousness exists as where it does not exist. The high estimate which mankind puls upon its capacity for turning its g less into nobie advantage of the scul is shown in the fact that it has invented traggedy to tell and set them forth. The human race is invited to see it through refreshing tears. We sorrow not as men without hope. We know that Hamlet has reached "sounding after death—the undiscovered country," where virue serves him better in the future conflicts of the soul. He will not decline the conflict; seeing him enmeshed by the latality of his own disposition, and slowly put to death, we feel, as we go nome, as if we followed him, lifted up cetter nerved to bear "the whips and scorns of time." Nature's plan does not drift principally toward pity; all her accumulated circumstances wound deeat such an intention, while they furnish something superior to pity. Her weather is the bat that tempers steel, her gale the

lot more deeply than before that liberty existed by the

SUPPERANCE OF JUSTICE.

The heart has siways taken a great fancy to the text, "Like as a tather pitteth his chidren, so the Lord pitteth them that lear him, for he remembereth that we are dust," is there any encourage ment or solace in attributing an abstract quality of pity to overruing powers which do not grant to man concrete and impartial applications of ity Man has learned by bitter experience that when the pinch comes and he is not practically pitted the tender text belies its pretension. Sympathy is man's own discovery, it was made after countless savage experiences of the advantages of mutual aid in bearing the life of the life, Moral evil was sure to be the result of creativeness that admitted physical evil into its drift. An intelligent Creator must have foreseen that if the survival of the fittest depended upon the demise of the unfit, the further the method developed the more numerous would the circumstances of misery become. What moral or what practical deduction can be made from all this presentation? It is this:—That tragedy cooperates in the development of immortal personality. To this end a Creator has tolerated an evolution from

DARE ELEMENTS.

only possible solution. And more than this I venture to suggest. If tragedy be endowed with elemental power to create immortal personality, it must be as immortal as the person, and it cannot be exhausted in the few years which a mortal body spends outside of a soul.

I conceive, then, that after the death of the body we shall be substantially, in the drift of our characters, the same that we were before and shall be dependent upon the same elements or the continuance of our being. The organs of our senses die; but if we live the senses must remain inherent parts of us; matter and spirit will be coupled still and the tendences which have been transmitted through eternity will not case to act in the structure of the person. The idea of escaping from them involves the idea of escaping irom them involves the idea of individual we escape if we could? Could we escape it there would not be enough sense in us to start a preference for a nonenity; nonenut; would have preferred us and the grave would close over its own. Where are all the souls that have passed out of life during all the ages? Have they settled in places which except them from the laws of life? Has labor been abolished? Has the sense of antagonism expired? Nay, it must be quickened at the experience of more numerous and profounder differences of social, mental and moral habits. Have Lear, Hamiet, Constance, Cornella, been sponged out of the heart of Shakespoare? No baby cherub he, clean bereft of tragedy and comedy, attuously smiling on all the tempers of the immortal clowd. If man had forgotten to carry with him his sublimest emotions, or if Deity had neglected to provide the antagonistic circumstances which force them from us as at the point of a celestial sword. A Leaven not worth qying for and only not a place of torture, because the nerves which can be wrung and the sinews that can be stretched have neen arawn out of the frame of the soul. Let us had a better, more heavenly hope, that the elements will continue to challenge our natural powers, prese

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL. FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION—SERMON BY THE

REV. FATRER OUTNY. There was, as usual, a very large congregation at the Cathedral. The Rev. Father McNamee was the officiating diergyman at the last mass. At the termination of the first gospel the Rev. Father Quinn, Vicar General, preached a sermon, taking his text from the Gospel according to St. Luke-"Aiter the Signth day was passed the child was circumoused, and his name was called Jesus." The reverend gentleman, after alluding to the general character of the feast that was being celebrated, adverted to the act that although not compelled to do so, the Lord had complied with the law. At the time of the circumcision the name was given to the child which had previously been given by His Father in heaven, the same that was announced to the Biessed Virgin when the angel appeared to her and told her site was to be the mother of God, the same that had been told to Joseph by the angel whom he saw in a vision. The name that was given by the Father in heaven was given by Mary at the moment of the circumcision. The revertend gentleman then proceeded to dilate on the power and silicacy of the holy name, at the mention of which every knee should bow in heaven, en earth and in hell, as was set forth by the apostles. By the virtue of that name sick had been healed and the dead restored to life. He then showed the necessity of bearing in mind the great respect that was due by all Christians to the holy name, and in reaching the congregation that this was the season for good resolutions observed that nothing could better stimulate the latithal to proserve the grace of God than the frequent reconlection of the name of Jesus, the thought of whose goodness and love for manking was well calculated to strengtoen us in the moment of tempration. The choral arrangements were excellent. The services were concluded shortly after twelve o'clock. His Father in heaven, the same that was an

FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH. DR. ARMITAGE PICTURES THE AGED DISCIPLE. In the fine church on Forty-fith street, near Fifth avenue, the pastor, Dr. Armitage, before the sermon yesterday morning, called attention to the fact that the present is to be observed as a week of prayer in all the courones, and announced that prayer meetings would be held in the lecture room every evening except Saturday. The discourse was addressed particularly to the aged, his text being the sixteenth verse of the twentyfirst chapter of the Acts of the Apostles-"There went with us also certain of the disciples of Coasrea, and brought with them one Mnason, of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom we should lodge."
After referring to the context in order to a proper understanding of the passage and to the conscientious regard for detail manifested by the apostles and the evangelists in their narratives, and especially by Luke, the beloved physician, he sketched the character of Minason drawn from the meagre details given of bim and from the probabilities as shown in his association and residence. He then proceeded to consider-First, what an old disciple is; second, what an old disciple was, and, third, what an old disciple is to be. And, first, he is the pupil of a noble master, and as such he acquires the doctrines which Christ taught. Again, while sitting at the feet of the Master be catches His spirit, and through friendship and constant intercourse with Him comes to be like Him. God spoke of Abraham as his friend, the only man thus addressed under the old dispensation and until the Saviour came upon earth, when the pupils who sat at his feet iound thereby the nearest way to his heart. Outwardly the old disciple sits at the feet of Jesus, while inwardly he catches the spirit within him. Second, what has he? He holds in his head that book, old in composition and compilation, but containing matter always and entirely new. It took 1,500 years and sixty writers to form it, and it has existed more than 1,800 years. Since its completion thousands of books have been written to expound it and yet its depth of meaning remeans unravelled. Again he has a firm conviction of the truth of the religion which he professes. One grand thing with the old discitle is he has ceased to doubt. Satisfied in his heart he longs to have all the old and young subjects of the goad of the Church and to wanning souls for heaven. To him has been granted the privilege of graduation in the hister classes of Christ's pupils. Las ly, what is the old disciple to be? He is so n to be young again; soon going where there are no aches, no pains, no impaired senses. There are no old men in heaven. There he will experience the full fruition of his hopes as a Christian. He ol good cheer, for eye has not seen nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the eternal loys that await him. In conclusion he addressed himself to those in the congregation who. If such there were, were old and yet not disciples. He urged upon them that they had a great work to do, and though the tenth and cleventh hour had passed, they might yet commence work in the vineyard, trusting to the Lord thereafter to pay them the penny. his friend, the only man thus addressed under the

TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH.

MISSIONARY MASS MEETING LAST NIGHT-THE WORK OF THE MISSIONABLES-SERMON BY DR.

TUPPER, OF RICHMOND. A missionary mass meeting took place last evening in the Tabernacie Baptist cource, on Second avenue. The church was well filled and the congregation was evidently much interested in the proceedings, which were in honor of two missionaries whom the Baptist church is sending off to Africa to work among the heatnen. These gentiemen, the Reve. W. J. David and W. W. Colley. were on the platform and were surrounded by a goodly number of clergymen and others assembied to see them, perhaps for the last time, be ore their long journey to an almost unknown land-the land where Dr. Livingstone worked and preached, and where he served not only God who were on the platform were the Revs. John Darling, H. A. Tupper, D. D., of Richmond, Va., and James Boardman Hawthorne, pastor of the Tapernacle Saptist church. The services opened with a hymn appropriate to the occasion, after which a prayer was offered asking blessings upon which a prayer was overed asking blessings upon the work which the two men were going to do in the far-off land and upon themselves. Another hymn was then sung, and then the Rev. Dr. Tuper preached a sermon. Without taking any text he said that there was no nobler career than that of the missionary, for it was the work with which God was best pleased. It had been asked whether the beathen could be saved without the Gospel. However that might be it was certain that the Christian would not be saved unless he preached the Gospel to the heathen. It was a work which was necessary and blessed in the eyes of God. It was the duly of the Church to send men out for the purpose, and it was the duty of the Christian world to furnish the wherewithal to do it. On the one hand setence sent men over the world to discover all the secret and hidden recesses of nature, but it was simply that men might know more than they do of cartain matters, for mere money getting. Diplomacy sent men out to be more wily than others in discussing the lower than the service of God. There were 3,000 of these now at work, but what was this when, it each of these spoke to 100 people every day, it would require 100 years to speak to all the unconverted? The Doctor went on in a very elequent and convincing strain. the work which the two men were going to do in strain.

Some of the other gentlemen spoke also on the subject of missionary work, and with more pracers

and singing of a few more hymns the congrega-LAIGHT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

BEV. MR. ENAPP ON CHRIST AS A MEDIATOR. A large congregation assembled in the Laignt street Baptist church yesterday morning to hear a sermon by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Knapp. The text selected was Hebrews, xii., 2. It is not strange, said the speaker, that unconverted men deny the existence of a devil. If the devil demonstrated the fact that he is in reality a personal devil he would defeat his own ends. To Christ very many men go simply as they would to an adened by the grace of God are superior to such things. There is a sense in which a man can intelligently look to Carist. He must lose sight of all else and concentrate his mind upon Him alone. The astronomer, in gazing at a particular star or planet, thinks of nothing else, and is there ore enabled to discover the peculiar beauties of the heavenly orb. In like manner must we look to Christ, Worldiness exerts a powerful influence upon the masses of men. Many, however, turn away from this influence, and in this way get nearer and closer to Christ. We constantly hear people say that after they nave thoroughly examined the Bible they will turn their attention to Jesus. But, believe me, this will not do. We must have faith in Christ sad in Himalone, and when we have acquired this all else will be plain. Christ must be viewed in all His various characters, like unto the human heart. No man can pray to God without recognizing Carist ani nope for success. There must be a mediator. Do not forget what Jesus Himseli has said of the necessity of our coming to Him. If your soul can catch one glimpse of the dear Saviour by looking toward Him you will never, I am sure, be wholly satisfied until you have found Him alone. Christ is the only hope, the only refuge of those who are sinorely desirous of salvation. You may try as many ways as you please, but until you come to God through Christ you will never—you can never be satisfied. Some scientists hood that this theory is not good—that man must do something niunself to obtain salvation. They will not allow that Jesus "paid it all" by His birth, His life, His sufferings and His death. ened by the grace of God are superior to such things. There is a sense in which a man can

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY DR. TYNG. Yesterday morning Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jr., at his church, corner Madison avenue and Forty-second a reet, preached a very appropriate New Year's sermon, taking for his text Psaim lxv., 8-"Thou makest the outgoing of the-morning and evening to praise thee." Before the sermon the preacher gave an interesting account of his visits made during the past week to the missions attached to the church, which, he stated, were in a very prosperous condition. The word rejoice congratulate ourselves this New Year's morning if we can only sing. Taking the words of the text we can only sing. Taking the words of the text leads us to the thought that at no other hour of the day is the earth so full of beauty and so voiceful of praise as in the morning, when the inding stars confess the supremacy of the conning day. "Thou makest the outgoing of the morning and ey ning to praise thee." He who is in sympathy with nature and Nature's food must recognize the beauty of the sentiment, and no one can watch the sun gioritying the earth or see the day define without having a heart filled with gladness and praise to him who created the night and morning. The music and harmony of the universe come from verse come from

verse come from
THE GREAT SOUL OF MUSIC,

even the Lord God. What have materialists, who
resolve all things into the attrition of molecules
of natter, so precious and stimulating
as those who behold the fingers of God
in the firmament and skies? Gladness
glowed in the first morning, on an
curth redeemed from a formless condition, and
when at length man stood upright upon the globe
then human history gloriously begun. But since
that first morning what tolis and trials have surrounded humanity!

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

MR. BEECHER'S OPINION OF SHAKESPEARE AND SHAKESPEARIAN STUDIES A SERMON ON THE RIGHER LIFE.

For some not very apparent reason Plymouth church was more than usually crowded yesterday morning. After packing the church to its utmost capacity a large number went away, unable to ontain admission. It being the first Sunday in the year there was an admission of new members-Seven were admitted on profession of faith and five by letters from other churches. In addition to the announcement of the renting of the pews on Tuesday evening next, Mr. Beecher took occasion to say a word for Shakespeare, in announcing the delivery, in Brooklyn, of Mr. Weiss' lectures on the women of Shakespeare. He said :- Next to tne Bibie Soukespeare has given rise to more mental activity than any man, probably, that ever lived-certainly of the Anglo-Saxon race. It may be that Plato and Aristotle, in their sphere of scholarship, may have originated as much mental activity in their time as Shakeexceeded it on universal thought. Still the mine is not yet worked out, and it never will be until man's nature and observation have ceased to exist. It is good not simply to read Shakespeare, but to critically investigate his writings. To young men who are peginning their literary studies lectures will afford an opportunity of hearing a man of genius, and also afford an approving opportunity of gaining a knowledge not only of the great author. out also of the nature of mind. THE SERMON. Mr. Beecher preached a sermon on the indwell-

ing of the Spirit of God, selecting for his text the twenty-third verse of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John :- "Jesus answered and said unto bim, It a man love me, he will keep my words: and my faster will love him, and we will come unto aim and make our abode with him." This language (said Mr. Beecher) is not solitary or singular; it is a text that reappears under various jorms and images. "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye solide in me." The three evangeists called synopic, Matthew, Mark and Luke, deal very largely in the external experience of the religion of Josus. Jonn differs from the others in revealing the internal life of Carist. It is remarkable how far from an educated style of thought and will is the course of experience generally. Our grade of education is mainly in the relation of things to ideas. We are reasoners. We use facts as grapes are used, for the sake of the wine which can be pressed out of them But the lact is that you destroy the cluster for the sake of the wine. So the facts are used only for the sake of the conclusion. So that men come to say that lacts are very good, but doctrine is supreme. With the excellion of the Apostle Pani, who had received a fiberal education, there is hardly a philosopher is the whole Bible. Among the four evangelists John stands alone and pecuhar. I may be said that the keynote of the Gospel, the doctrine of an incarna-ed Saviour, of a divine mind in the human mind, is not an elaborate psychological theory or truths. It is a statement of facts. In Matthew's Gospel it is the same, but the facts are stated, in the other the facts are stated in the other the facts are stated in the other the facts are stated in the other than the superishment of facts. In Matthew's Gospel it is the same, but the facts are stated, in the other than the superishment of facts. In Matthew's Gospel it is the same, but the facts are stated, in the other than the same of the sam and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." This language (and Mr. Beecher) is not solitary or sin-

statement, in his characteristic way, of the mode of attaining to this and by an invitation to unite with the members of the church in partaking of the ordinance of the communion. At this service the floor of the church was entirely fliled with communicants.

TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE. BAD BOOKS AND BAD NEWSPAPERS ARRAIGNED. The Tabernacle was througed in every part at the forenoon and evening services yesterday.

Arbuckle played the cornet and Professor Morgan presided at the organ. Mr. Taimage, who has just returned from a trip to Charleston, S. C., resumed his position at the reading desk and preached, continuing his sermons on public iniquities. The which used curious arts brought their books tocounted the price of 'hem and found it 50,000 pleces of silver."—the Acts, Xix., 12. Paul was tirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the people brought out their bad books and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms luil of Ephesian literature and tossing in into the flames. I hear an economist standing by saying, "Stop this waste. Here are \$7,500 worth of books, do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want read them yourselves, sell them and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people; "if these books are not good for us they are not goodfor anypody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned into ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do anybody else any harm. Hear the Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities of this country is A GREAT BONFIRE OF BAD BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to dump into the blaze their entire stock of goods, and a great many of the newspaper establishments would do well to roll into the flames all their next issue of 50,000 or 100,000 copies. Bring forth the insufferable trash and put it into the and angels and men that you are going to rid your houses of the overtopping and underlying curse of a profligate literature. The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position, but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far out cycle of eternity, will cease the influence James Gordon Bennett? Take the simple statistic that our New York dailies now have

A CIRCULATION OF THREE HUNDERD AND FIFTY
THOUSAND PER DAY,
and add to it the fact that three of our weekly periodicals have an aggregate circulation of about 1,000,000, and then cipher if you can how far up and how far down and how far out reaches the influence of the American printing press. Sternal God! what is to be the issue of all this? I believe intends the printing press to be the means, the chief means, for the world's rescue and evangelization; and I think that the great battle, the great last battle of the world, will not be fought with swords or guns, but with types and presses-a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out lorever that which is depraved. The only way to fight bad books is by printing a good one. The only way to overcome unclean newspaper literature is by

overcome unclean newspaper literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May god speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press. I have to tell you this morning that I believe that the greatest scourge that has ever come upon this mailon has been that of unclean journalism. It has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries, and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this insection he in the hospitals and the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a last eternity.

An AVALANCHE OF HORROR AND DESPAIR.

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already swallowed its militors into the charnel house of the morally dead. Anthony Comstock has done a giorious work against an inamous interature. Let the people all do him honor. They tried the other night to kill him in Newark. It they had slain bim in his battle against a bad literature, it would have kindled a fire of indignation that all the waters of the Hudson and East rivers could not have extinguished. That man has already literally gathered up whole tons of iniquitous literature and consigned it to tag fiames. But the longest rail train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson track was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the puter-action which have gathered up in the bad books and newspapers of this land in the last thirty years. last thirty years.
It is amid such circumstances that I put to you

It is amid such circumstances that I put to you this morning a question of overmastering importance to you and your families—that is, What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together.

this morning a question of overcasstering importance to you and your familis—that is, What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together.

In a switter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we shoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickenless of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity and chase fantastic will-o'-the-wisps across the symmps, when we might walk in the biooming gardens of God? On, no! For the shalling as we do chin deep in the fictitious literature, the first question that many of the young people of our congregation are asking me is "Shall We READ NOVELS?"

I reply there are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobing to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe hinety-nine out of the 100 novels of the day are baleful, blasting, "structive to the last degree. A pure wo' fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us, with the licenses and the assumed hames of poetry. The world can never pay the dobt which it owes to seen fiction writers as Hawthorne and McKeuzie, and Landon and Hunt, and Arthurand Mrs. Holmes, and Marton Hariand, and a score of persons whose names may occur to you. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully emaximed than in the writings of waiter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthully redoient with the breath of the seawed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in carried ruring the prevenders to gentility and high bood, Dickens has built his o

where, unclean literature. I charge upon it THE DESTRUCTION OF TEN TROUGAND IMMORTAL SOULS, and I bid you this morning wake up to the magnitude of them. I shall take all the world's literature, good novels and bad; traveis, true and false; histories, faithful and incorrect; legends, beautiful and monatrous; all tracts, all chromicles, all epilogues, all tamily, city, State, national libraries, and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, high as heaven and deep as nell; and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infailible, unmisuskable christian principles. God heip me to speak with reierence to my last account, and God nelp you to listen. I charge you to stand aloof from all books that give you laise pictures of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a zerce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depend upon muon of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that live, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fittul and jantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared is that young man and that young woman for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine in the shop, by the forge, in the conning room, and he will not find her; and he will be dissatisfied at his practical life by longing for a life of romance. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be

novels will be

NERVELESS, INANE AND A NUISANCE.

He will be fit bettuer for store nor shop nor field.

A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of a wife, mother, sister, daughter. There

she is, hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands tremoling, bursting into tears at midinght over the late of some unfortunate lover. In the daytime, when she ought to be ousy, she stares by the haif-hour at notining, biting her finger nails into the quick. The carpet that was piain before will be plainer after wading through a romance all night long—having wandered in teasistated halls of castles—and your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have waiked in the romance through parks or with blooming princesses, or lounged in the arrow with the polished desperado. On, those novel-readers —I mean those people who read so many novels that it is their chief salisiaction and their mental pabulum. They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous diacipline. They know not how to go through the lurnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for the life where everything we gain we achieve by hard, long-continued and exhaustive work. Again, I charge you to abstain from all those books walch, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. The heart of most people is like a seve, which lets the small particles of gold iail through but keeps the great chaders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which junged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repeis the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are, aliasi it through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who should take a toron isto a gunpower mili merely to see whether it would clow up or not. I charge you to stand off from all those books which THE HILLING HAS UNDER HIS COAT, will get more burst the lineaguaristo and dispute of the law who should take a toron isto a gunpel when he ways to see that th

head and to rejoice eternally in the ou cry of your pain and the howi of your damnation. Iconsider that the Lastivious piotorial Literature of the day is tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. Fine paintings are the aristocracy of art; engraving is the democracy of art—and I love to see the good pictorials scattered through the rail trains and in the house; but boseene pictorials, lascivious pictorials, such as are flooding our great cities, these are damnable. The queen of death holds a nightly banquet, and unclean pictorials are the printed invitations to her guests. Alsa, that the lair brow of America should be blotched with such a plague spot, and that reformers and phisanthropists, bothering themselves about smaller evils, up not raise their voice against this overwhelmin, hattonial calamity. Cherish good books and newspapers and beware of bad ones. One column may save your soni; one paragraph may ruin it. The reverend speaker then urged his hearers to cast from their libraries all objectionable books and pictorials that might perchance have found a place in their collections.

Mr. Talmage announced that on Sunday next be would talk upon the subject of the God-detying extravagance of our American cities, and he proposed to plough other furrows in the field of discourse upon which be had entered. Mr. Talmage alluded to Mr. Vandenhoff, who had tagen pains to lecure in public about him (Mr. Talmage). He said, "Mr. Vandenhoff first demolished me in Brooklyn, in the Academy of Mu ic, and two nights after he demolished me in Steinway hall, New York. In the audience room of our beautifu Academy of Music, which holds 3,000 people, he had a beggarly andhence of 250 people, (Laughter.) That was his first demolishing. Then he went to kew York, and in a vast hall, that holds between 2,000 and 3,000 people, he and another andience of 250. Out of pocket some \$500 or \$600. Poor man, I am sorry for num. (Laughter.) If he will come to me I will help to pay the cellot. But he has s

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN. BERMON BY THE REV. FATHER HICKIE-THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

At St. Michael's church, South Brooklyn, resterday morning, the pastor, Rev. Michael Hickie, preached at the half-past ten o'clock mass. Though the title of church is here applied, perhaps the congregation worship in the extension pariors of the pastor's residence. This new parish empraces eighth atreet to Ovington avenue, a scattered population which has been long sadly in need of some little church of its own. Bisnop Loughlin, having selected the Rev. Pather Hickie as the pastor of the new church, made such a selection as was sure to insure success, for already the young pastor has nearly liquidated the cost of the ground for a new church edifice, work upon which will commence at the earliest practicable moment. The people of this far-away neighborhood vie with each other in aiding the pastor in his efforts, but still outside help is needed at the

hood vie with each other in aiding the pastor in his efforts, but still outside help is needed at the present time. A lew years hence and, no doubt, this parish will be one of the most prosperous in the clocese of Brooklyn.

The subject of the kev. Father Hickle's discourse was, "The Circumcision of Our Lord," the least of which the Charon celeprated last Friday.

The important event of the assigning of a name to the divine iniant, the occurrence of which the Angel Gabriel foreioid when communicating to the virgin Mary the wonder-ul secret of man's redemption, is the grand testival which, we may say, still absoros the attention of the Church. Inis is the complement of the Christmas sectival. Eight days after their birth, the Jewish male children, according to the Mosaic law, were to be circumcised, when they received the name which they afterward dore in life. To this paintal rite of circumciscion our divine Lord conformed. He, too, was circumcised, and received from the night priest, at the suggestion of His reputed father, the name Jesus. This name was something mo e than a mere term to designate this from other children; there was a deeper meaning and significance in it. To what a tide of conflicting emotions does not the mere mention of this adorable name give rise in the human breast! What a gush of tender feeling suffuses the whole frame on the bare conception of the sweet name! We feel that in that name is embodied the entire plan of man's recemption, as devised by the most august Trinity and carried into effect by Jesus Himsell.

The pastor of this new church lees very much gratified at the manner in which his lair, in aid of the church, was attended and supported The debt which had been over the ground, already purchased for the site of the new church as been by the exertions of Father Hickie, samost entirely highidated. A lew thousand deliars yet remain to be subscribed. In any case the churca is secare. The postponed reception by the ladies of the recent fair, will take place at Lyric Hall, Eighteent

SEVENTH AVENUE M. E. CHURCH. THE TIMES AND THE SEASONS.

The Rev. Dr. Wild preachen yesterday morning from I. Thessaionians, xv., 1—"But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you." The speaker held that our present life was educational and properatory in the several stages and designs. Providence had clearly indicated that every step we took in this life had a noble or ignoble relation and influence to the life to come, so that, in a germinal form, au infinity of weal or wos turked in every thought and was attached to every act. In none of the seasons of life would we find a full complement of pleasure. Our weary spirits sighed or springs that failed not, and for an experience all tranquit and kind, and unalloyed with sin and sorrow. Such an existence was waiting in the beyond for those who lived and labored for the good to come. To do the right thing at the right time, in the right place, should be the purpose and aim of one and ail—for ease and success naturally attended timely and seasonable action. The pradent and industrious farmer worked hand in hand with nature. He was careful in discerning the reasons and wise in observing the agreement between time and labor. In spiritual husbandry it would be well to be as discerning. For every man there was a work. We should study to know our time, work and place, assured that if we were successful in our study and application we should hake life profitable and rewarding. It is appropriate, continued the speaker, that we consider the times and seasons of life this morning—the first Sabbath of anoster year. Rounded and tut pleasure. Our weary spirits sighed for springs

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